VOL. 1 NO. 1

MOUNTAIN HIGH

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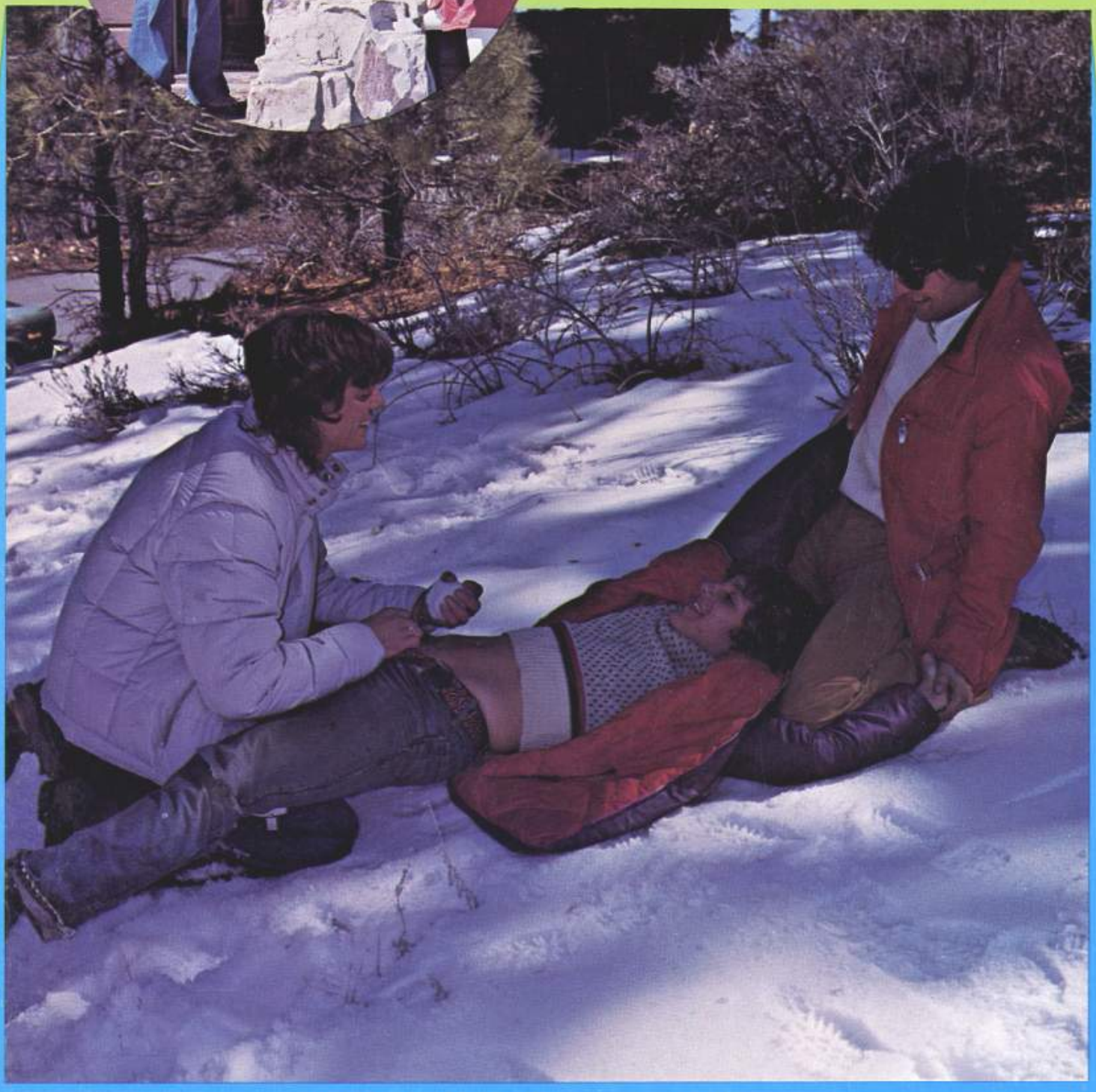

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS ADULTS ONLY

mountain high

as told to LYN PEDERSEN
by Shane Dixon

Me and Steve Rolland had met opening night at the Lady Jane, and almost the first thing he said to me—we were just standing next to one another at the packed bar, and up to that point I didn't even think he'd noticed me, though I sure had been noticing him—was, "How'd ya like to go skiing up at White Mountain next weekend?"

Well, I hadn't ever been near skis before, but I'd already made up my mind I wanted to get next to him, an if I had to put on skis to do it, no sweat, so I said yes, adding that I could think of some warmer sports I'd like to try out first. So he said he was on vacation and had all week and it just happened that I was between jobs. . . .

So we got out and warmed up the dance floor, close dancing included, and let me tell you, Steve Rolland is one real hot number on anybody's dance floor—and he also felt good pressed against me. After we'd both worked up a sweat, he asked if this was what I'd had in mind when I mentioned "warmer sports," and I said yeah, but just for starters, just to get our joints in good working order.

And he said his joint was in good working order already and he was wanting to see mine. And I said this place may be real far out, but I don't think they're ready for me to pull it out and show it off right here on the dance floor—besides, "I'd rather you feel it actually working, steada just looking at it."

So he said let's cut outa here and go where we can really warm up—your place or mine?

Then I got a silly notion and suggested what back in school we used to call a Progressive Party, that we go to my place for warmups (he interrupted to say he was red-hot already, and he looked it), then to his place for some prickly heat, then maybe even to a steambath for a bit of spice, then back to either one of our pads to simmer slowly.

So that was what we did, except that our Progressive Party lasted all week, picking up an extra partner now an then at various

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like the stiff old stereotype of the ski instructor, tall, severely handsome blond, certain to be either German or Swedish.

I suppose Steve had that same stereotype in mind, cause at first he didn't even seem too taken by Mike, but two words from Mike Craig, accompanied by a super friendly handshake and a really warm smile, and I could see Steve not only melt but really sizzle.

I had on a heavy maroon jacket I'd got for a camping trip last year. Steve's bright red jacket looked pretty lightweight to me, but he said it was good and warm. Anyhow, the sun was bright and fairly warm when we arrived, and it didn't seem particulary cold til the first time we stepped into the deep shade, or got where a cold breeze was whipping down the mountainside.

Mike helped us get our gear (it was mostly all Steve's) out of the

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stops, so that the trip to the mountains Saturday morning was the capper.

Not the skiing part. I made a fool of myself on skis, but I didn't care. I'm pretty good on roller skates, in fact, Steve an me'd gone skating Wednesday night and picked up a couple neat, slender tricks and took them back to my pad for the wildest four-way I've ever had a part in. And somehow I'd just thought that standing up on skis and moving with them would be the same. It isn't. But there's a heck of a lot more fun to be had at a ski resort than skiing!

We could see that the moment we drove up to the lodge.

Mike Craig, the guy who turned out to be our instructor—and a lot more than that—was perched invitingly out in front of the lodge as we drove up—blue jeans an silver jacket, longish brown hair, maybe a bit lighter than either of ours, and pixie face, a real hip type, not

car (that was mine) and said he'd meet us in two hours for some beginners' lessons. Steve hadn't wasted any time letting Mike know I was a tenderfoot—though I don't think that's exactly skier's jargon. But as it turned out, Steve wasn't all that experienced either.

* * *

Steve and me fell into one another's arms, rubbing our cold noses together, our hands searching up under our jackets and shirts, as soon as we got inside our cabin. We'd been up most of the night before, and the ride up had made me sleepy, so while Steve busied around starting a fire in the fireplace, I stripped down and flaked out.

. . . and dreamed I was a telephone lineman, climbing the biggest telephone pole in the world, rising up out of a vast field of

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snow . . . and I realized that the pole was really a supergiant cock, and as I climbed higher up the shaft, it was beginning to throb, and the throbbing was coming from the ground underneath, shaped now like a great hairy belly, and two dark moss-covered boulders. . . .

. . . then I could feel myself lying on something soft, feel a hand playing with my cock, and I woke up rock-hard just as Steve bent over and began to tongue my cockhead. He played it slow and serious and I could almost feel myself climbing that pole again, up and over, throbbing, sending that whole pole like a cannon's spew down Steve's hot throat. . . .

Then he was kissing me. I could taste my own cum on his lips. He moved up over me and held out his rigid stump for me to take. Just had to turn my head slightly to take that sweet meat and suck slowly at it, until he moved over me and began working my spent cock up again. So with my own steam rising again, I began putting a lot more steam into sucking him, both of us going hot and heavy, slick sticks sliding deep into hot throats, balls growing heavy, drawing up close, building in a beautiful agony of expectation before spewing forth their loads. . . .

A half hour later we were waiting for Mike to join us, sitting on a rail outside, getting the feel of the place chiefly by resting our booted feet on a pile of dirty snow.

"Hey baby," Steve said, and I think I knew what was coming, and at first didn't like it, "you won't get upset if I try making it with Herr Ski Instructor, will you? We'll have plenty time up here for one another also."

I suppose my reaction showed. I was getting to feel real heavy about Steve, and while I could enjoy the two of us taking someone else to bed and sharing him, this was definitely something else.

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"Aw, come on baby," he laughed. That laugh of his could get almost anything out of me—and he knew it—"You know I'm serious about you—this is just a little romp in the snow sort of thing, nothing serious."

"Well, couldn't we all three romp together?" I sulked.

I could tell he was being evasive when he passed it off by saying that Mike just didn't strike him as the kind for threesomes. He gave me that saucy, superior, teasing grin again. "Look, Mr. Shane Dixon, I got ideas about us two shacking up permanent, but I need a loose leash or it won't work. Yeah, there'll be plenty times for threesomes, foursomes, and moresomes. But sometimes a guy I see strikes me different, and Mike hits me like that. I don't want him for anything long term. I don't think I could stand being in the same apartment with him a whole week even. But he's sexy. He's like a challenge. I wanta see how he fucks, and if I can top him, like a contest really, but there's something about it that means it has to be just him and me. I hope you

can understand that. . . ?"

I said I couldn't understand it, but I had no intention of keeping him on a leash. I guess I was really hurt, but I tried to make it sound light. And I admitted to him that I was plenty turned on to Mike myself.

"Well, have a go at it yourself also," he said. "It ain't that I want him exclusively—it's just that I think, right now at least, that a three-way would be messy. You don't mind, do you, baby?"

I said I didn't, but my heart wasn't in it.

Then Mike showed up, and as we set off up the trail with our skis over our shoulders, I noticed that all three of us had roaring hard-ons.

So the first time I get on the skis I make a complete fool of myself. I'd tried to pretend that I actually had done some skiing before, though Steve knew different, and Mike could tell even by how I put the skis on. It looked so easy. You just buckle these curved boards onto the soles of your shoes, and stand up perfectly normal—nothing to that at all. Then you try moving on them, and if you're lucky your feet tangle and you go down right away. I wasn't lucky. Somehow, I managed to go the first ten or twelve feet on some kinda crazy luck and faith—and then everything went wrong: the skis went one way and I seemed to be going in three other

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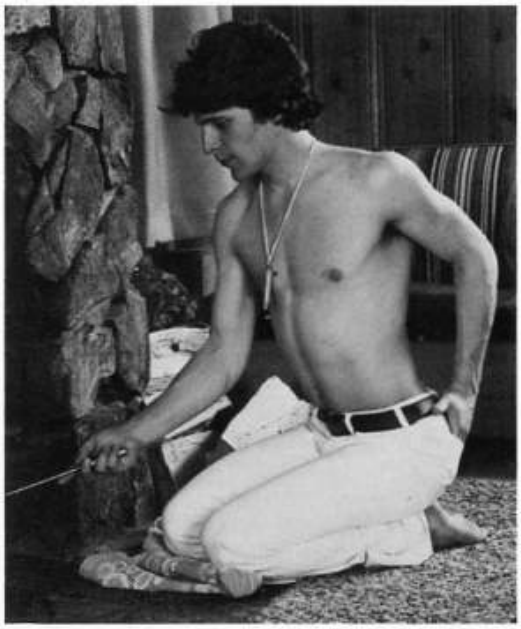

like I could see a moving picture of what was going on inside our cabin, and apparently, what I imagined was real darned close to what actually happened, except that I added a couple scenes of my own by stopping twice, the first time behind a clump of firs, the second time right out on a large flat rock that overlooked a valley where you could see for miles, and jerked myself off. I did it the first time in a fury of hating Steve and dreaming up some appropriate punishment for his infidelity. I pulled my cock the second time, and dropped my load onto the snow a hundred feet below, feeling peaceful, feeling that if Steve wanted to have an occasional private fling, that was okay. After all, we weren't married. And for that matter, if he wanted to make it formal between us, and still have some freedom for an occasional

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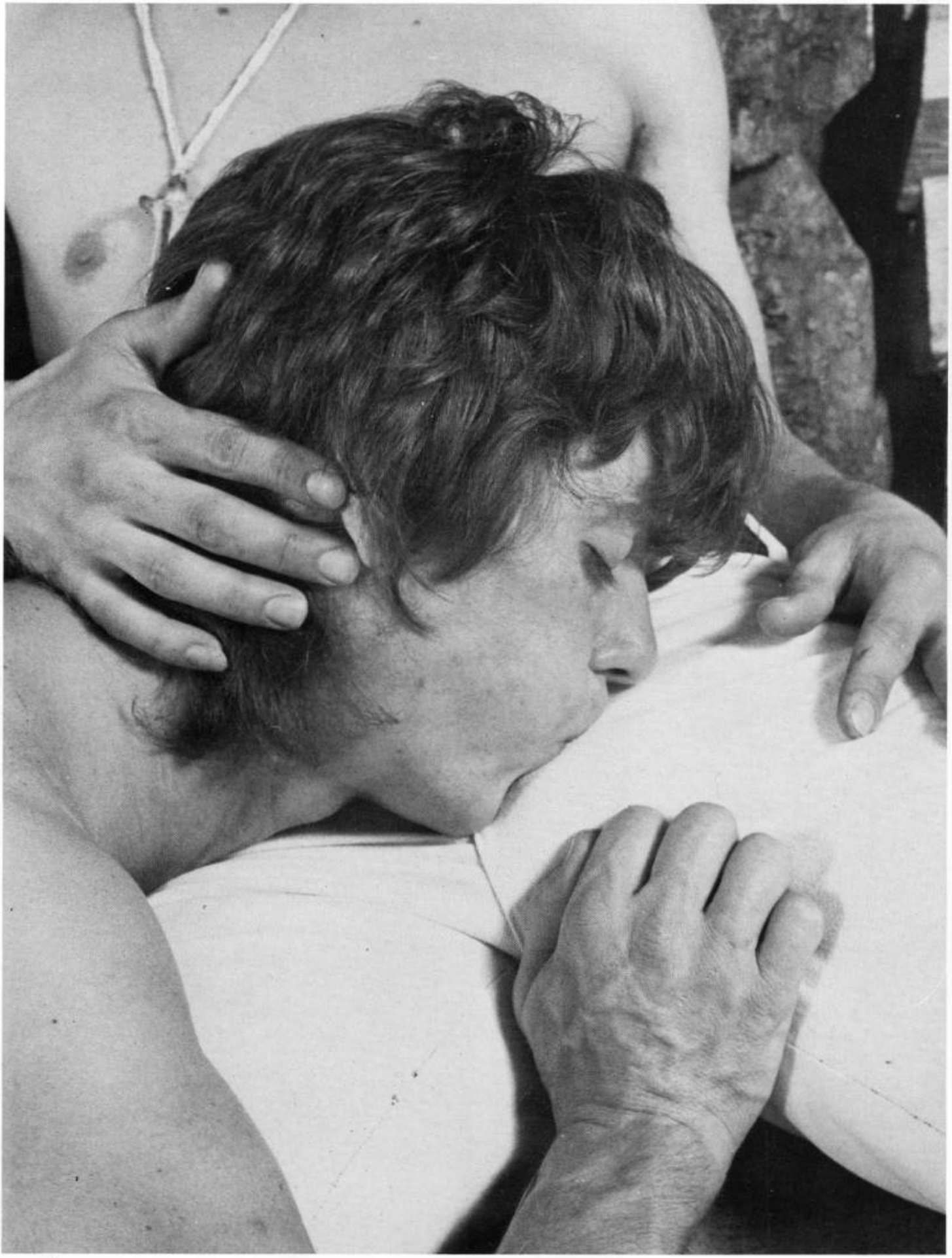
directions—a clumsy, crazy, stupid fall, and fun, even if I wasn't able to get up without both of them helping me.

Then we held onto a horizontal wire to learn how to walk on the skis, but by the time I got to where I could half do this, and had taken three more short downhill runs (maybe twenty feet) falling down only two of the times, I was totally winded, frustrated with the skis, and with what Steve had said about wanting to make it privately with Mike, so I announced that I was going for a hike, and Mike was real particular about which trail to take, insisting that I not stray off the trail.

* * *

Steve and Mike both told me later what happened, but while I was walking a long looping path halfway around the mountain and back, stopping off at another lodge for a hot chocolate, it was



sex scene that I wasn't a part of, I could live with that.

Steve had gone back to our cabin and found the fire almost out. He busied around getting it going, and had gotten his shirt off when he heard the knock on the door—and it wasn't my kind of knock.

Mike came in with that "You wanted me to drop in, didn't you?" look, asking how long a walk he thought I'd take, and Steve said, "I doubt he'll be back for at least an hour." Mike added that it'd take all that if I followed the path he recommended, and that I'd probably feel like stopping for coffee at the Innsbruck Chalet a ways north of here—"It's just a three-minute drive, but mushing along that path. . . ."

"Are you two lovers. . . ?"

"Yeah, but that doesn't mean we don't do a little playing around."

"And you came up here to play. . . ?"

"Yes, but I was planning to play it pretty exclusively with Shane, until we met you. . . ."

"He doesn't mind. . . ?"

"We have our agreement. We've only known one another a week, and we've had a few three-ways and four-ways already."

"That ain't for me!"

"I could tell that. I told Shane already I didn't think you'd go for the orgy scene. . . ."

"I don't mind how often I change partners, but I like to concentrate on one body at a time." Mike's hand was soft on Steve's hair, Steve's hand on Mike's knee. Then they kissed.

Mike slipped out of his jersey and began working on Steve's nipples—Steve has the most sensitive nipples I've ever come across. I suspect that any guy in the world, no matter what he looked like, could give Steve a hard-on by sucking his nipples, and two little nips with the teeth, Steve'd be

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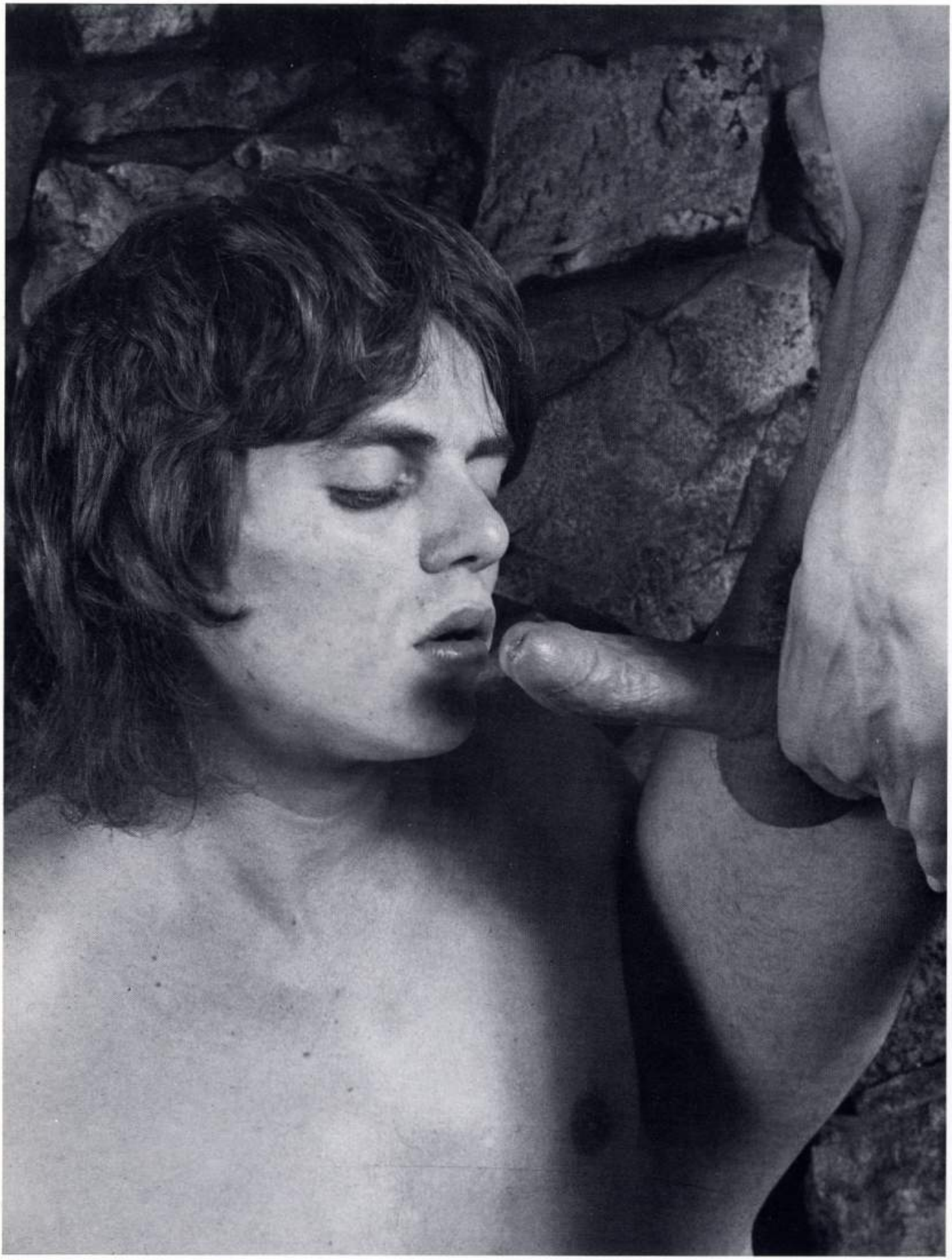

ready to cum!

Mike's mouth must've been down to the outside of Steve's light trousers, sucking through the cloth on his crotch, about the time I stepped behind the clump of trees and, in an agony of jealous excitement, pulled my own cock out and, stooping over, began whanging it for all it was worth. When I came, it would have been about the time that Mike was pumping his sexy face hard up and down on Steve's cock, with Steve's hand fondling the crease of Mike's butt through the cloth of his pants. I could feel that hand myself as I dropped my cum onto a small clod of snow lying on a pad of evergreen needles.

But at the same time I was imagining (like second sight, which my Aunt Ethel used to have) what Steve and Mike were actually doing, I was also imagining that, in injured fury, I had found Steve, knocked him out, tied his hands and dragged him back here, tied him to one of

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these trees, opened his shirt and pulled his pants halfway down his thighs. Then I imagined I went back for Mike, lured him halfway here and tied him to a tree opposite Steve, pulled his cock out of his pants and left it dangling, while I belt-whipped Steve's belly and legs, stopping every few minutes to suck at his cock, snapping the belt once or twice, sharply, not really too hard, at that cutely upturned head of Steve's long cock, snapping at the shaft, just barely stinging it, until both Steve's cum and Mike's fell onto the clod of snow, where my own cum in fact had fallen.

I guess I was half crazy with jealousy—I've never imagined anything much like that before, and maybe just imagining it acted like a safety device. I had let off my steam, and felt better afterward about the whole thing. But I did one really far-out thing. I stooped down and licked my own cum off the snow, imagining while I did it that it was Steve's and Mike's mixed.

I felt good after that. I walked on down the trail, having to be extra careful, because some places I was walking through snow, other places frozen ground, and other places mushy earth where melted snow was draining down. But like I said, I felt a real lift.

I figured that Mike and Steve by this time would both have their clothes off. It wasn't like I could actually see them anymore, and that annoyed me, because I wanted to know what Mike looked like stripped down, how his meat looked and how he used it. I figured that by this time it was prob-

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ably plunged into Steve's mouth, and getting one of the hottest, most efficient, most feeling cock-suckings that's currently available. Steve goes after a cock like a real campaign, taking it first from one side, then the other, first easy, then crazy-passionate, and he uses the kind of little tricks, using his hand as much as his mouth, that

keep a guy on the fine edge of cumming, for up to 45 minutes. And I was convinced (and I was right, as it turned out) that Steve didn't intend to take Mike's juice either in his hand *or* in his throat (not that he minded either). He figured that if this had to be a brief session, he wanted that warm syrup shooting up into his bowels. I got a vision of them again at the point where Steve turned his ass around dog-fashion for Mike to mount. Unfortunately, what I saw was Mike turned facing into Steve's beautiful rump, and I still didn't get a view of what Mike was getting ready to plow into my lover's bowels. . . .

Steve really loves being fucked. I have to laugh when I read so-called scientific books about homosexuality where they call the guy who gets fucked the passive partner. There's nothing passive about Steve, whatever he's doing, and when his ass clamps onto another guy's dong and he starts working those rump muscles, even working the muscles inside his rectum and his intestines, bouncing and squirming his whole body around, the other guy sometimes feels less like a cockswain that's pounding his meat into a willing ass, than like a cow that's being milked.

No, that doesn't give the right picture. I don't mean that Steve takes over, or that he makes the guy doing the fucking feel passive, but he's just so goddamn wild when his ass is being breached that fucking him is like nothing else I've ever experienced. You may start out crouching over his back, but before long, you've changed positions a half-dozen times, and you don't remember how it happened—you may even end up lying on your own back, with Steve

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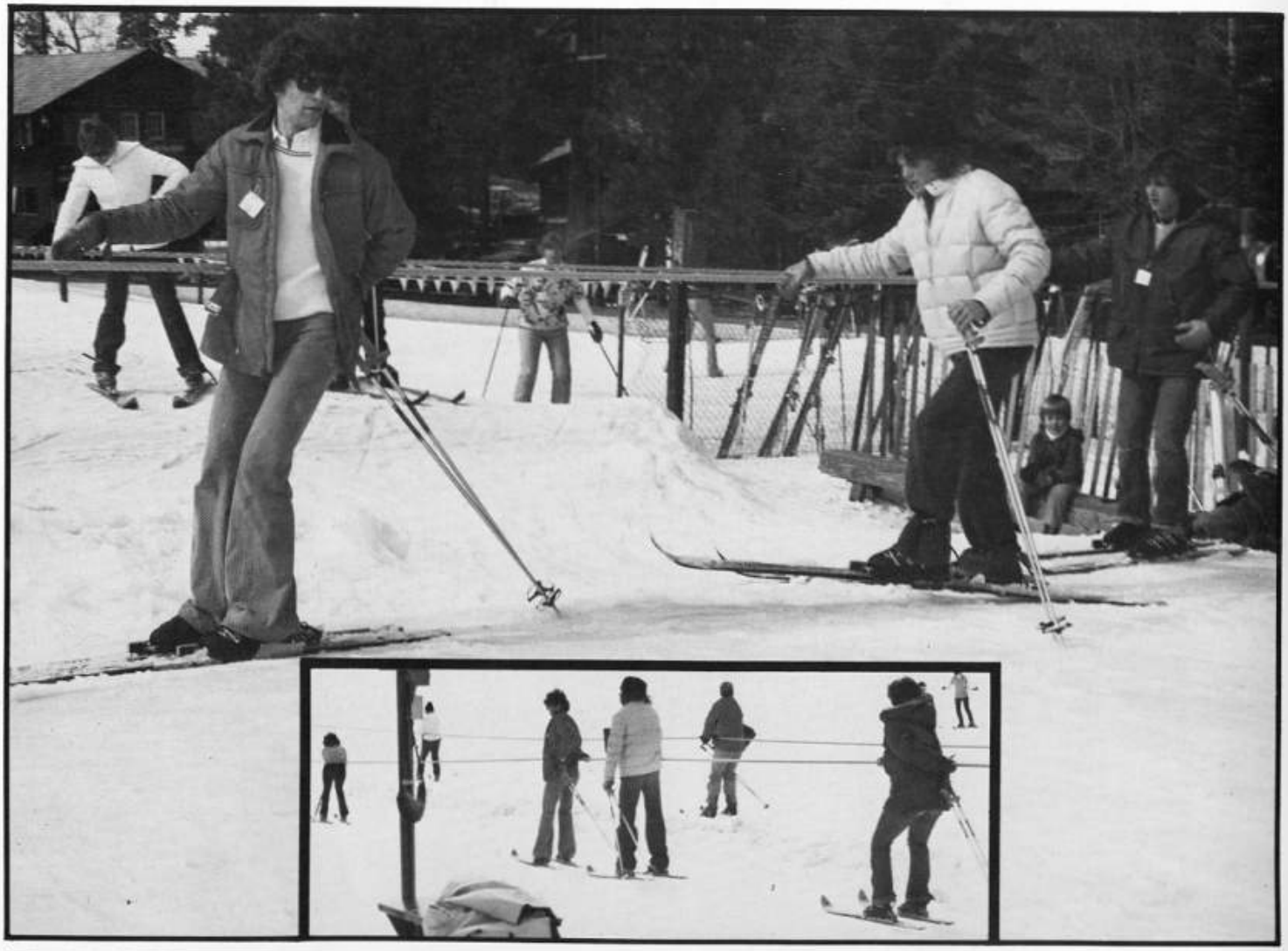

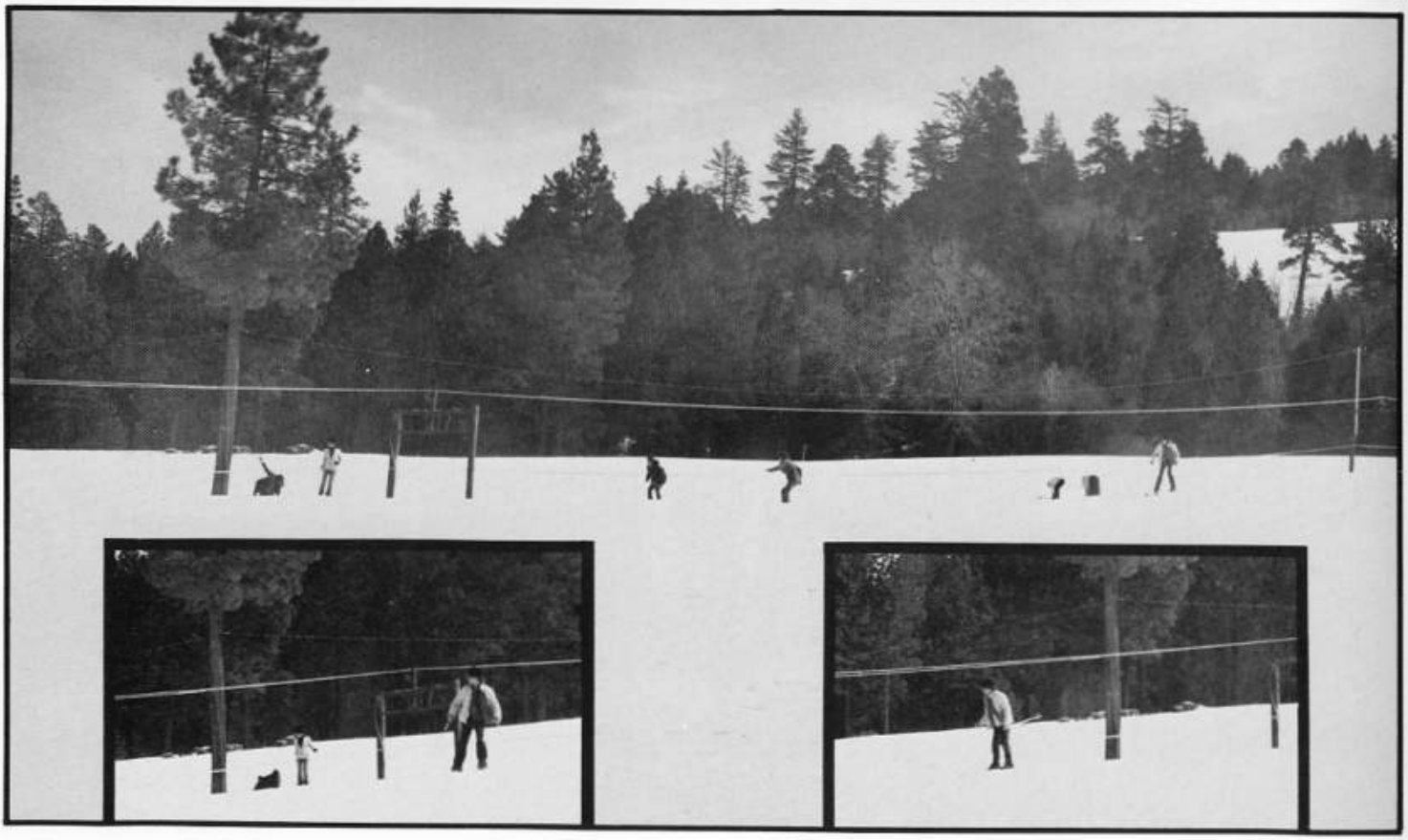

bouncing his hips up and down on your cock!

It was at this point I think that I jerked off facing the whole valley, a dozen or more cabins and lodges in sight, and a few distant skiers. If anyone had looked up—but they'd probably have needed a telescope. Still, in a place like this, lots of people keep telescopes handy, and I wasn't in too much of a hurry about dropping my load and pulling my pants back up. I did this one for Steve—in real love—and for Mike, hoping that I too would get a session with him.
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I'd still rather have had it a three-way, but Steve didn't want it that way. . . .

By the time I stopped for hot chocolate, they were saying good-bye, and while I was walking back, Steve was sleeping.

* * *

The three of us met by the main lodge after I got back—for sandwiches and talk, Mike was a student, working at the ski lodge weekends only, while studying to be a beautician. Steve told him that after we left here, we were planning to take a trip to England, then maybe knock around the

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Continent for three or four months. It was the first I had heard of this, and for just a moment, I was miffed at this way of it coming out, miffed that he hadn't even asked me if I *wanted* to go to the Continent or England. But of course I did, and since Steve could well afford it, I guessed I didn't have to worry about the job I was supposed to start in a week. I was speechless, but hearing Steve say it'd be like our honeymoon, it all sounded great!

Then we went back to the skiing. I was better at it this time, better than by rights I ought to have been. I managed to stay on my feet most of the time, managed after maybe 45 minutes to move downhill with some sense of freedom and with the appearance of ease and grace—at least that was what Mike and Steve said—and I actually seemed to have gotten the hang of crossing the skis properly

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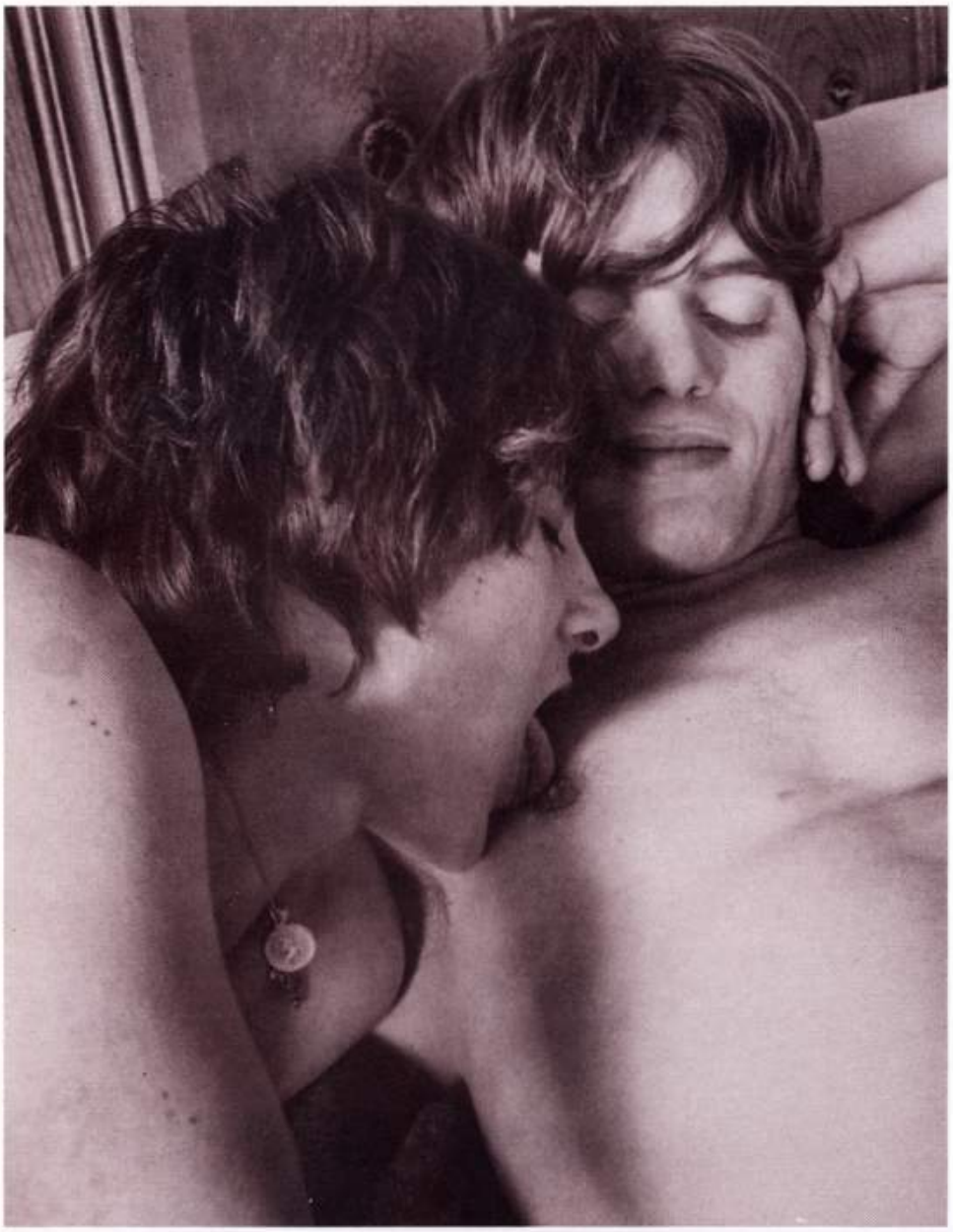

to walk on them. I'd gotten enough self-confidence that I could take my mind off how to move my legs to glance once in a while at some of the other skiers, and some of them were very much worth glancing at.

But I wasn't looking too comfortably at Steve. His session with Mike still hung between us, in spite of the announcement of the trip to Europe even. So until after we'd taken our skis off and started back toward the lodge, and at one turn where Mike had gone a ways ahead of us, there was still that unresolved feeling. We just weren't with it. . . .

Suddenly Steve turned around and I, still moving forward, fell into his arms, into his kiss.

"You still don't feel right about me making it with Mike, do you?" he asked, very serious, abject, loving. "Forgive me, lover?"

"I already done that," I laughed. "But I guess it still bugs me. I guess it takes some getting used to, blending yourself in with another person, and both of you keeping some individuality, some privacy, some emotions that aren't shared . . ."

Mike had come part way back down the trail. He called back at

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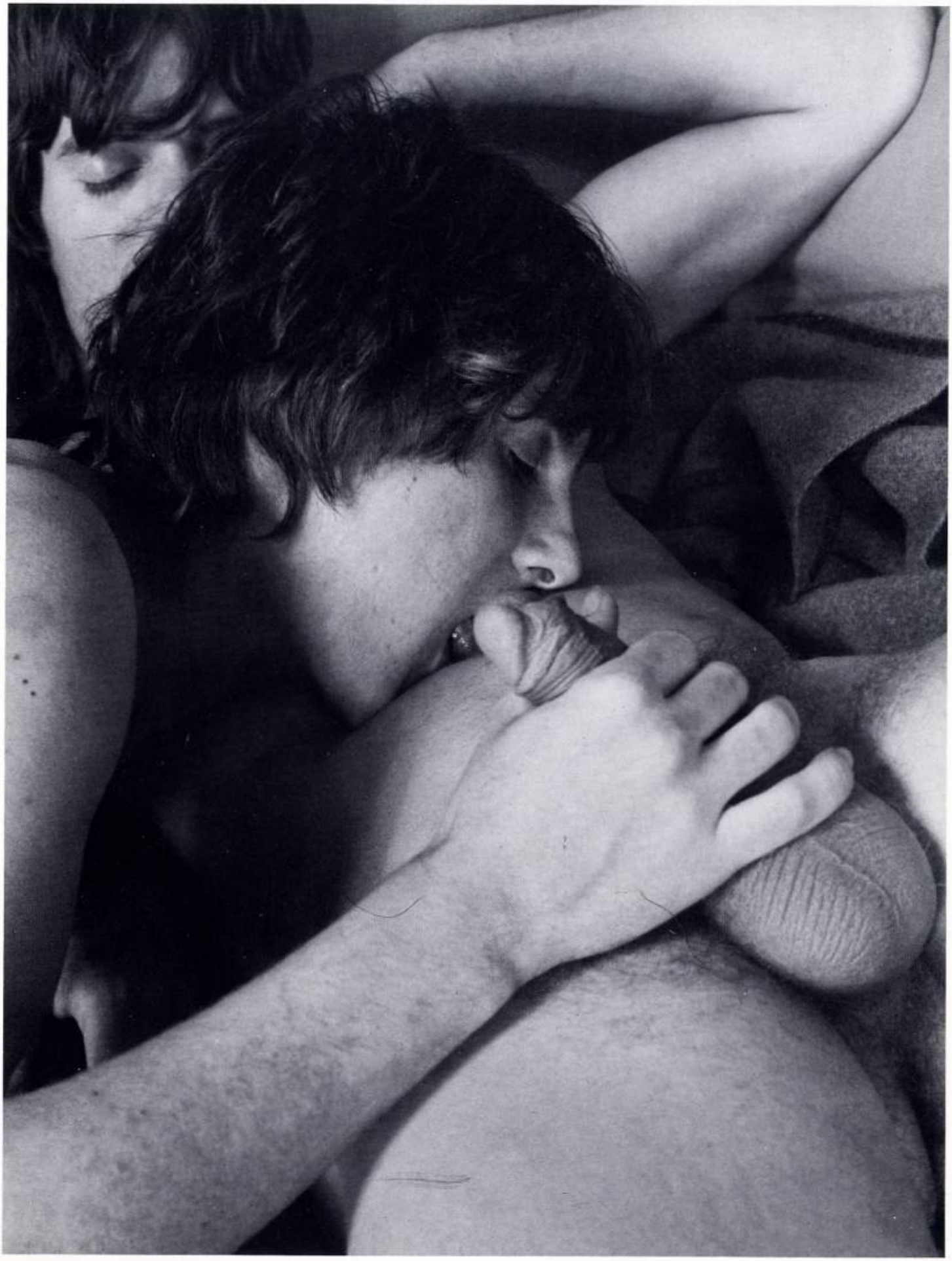

us, "You two too old and decrepit to keep up?"

We tore out after him and closed the distance fast, tackling him in the snow. Then things got a little confused. Let's say that the next fifteen minutes was half snowball fight, and half a kissing-wrestling match, ending up with Mike stuffing a wad of snow down under Steve's pants, and me giving Mike the start of a blowjob right there on the snow, beside the road, with a couple cars driving by. Some queen leaned out of one and yelled out, "Cool it, girls!"

On the way back to the cabin, Mike snuggled up close to me twice, asking once if I'd have time to drop by in a while. "I think your partner's about ready for a nap, and I was hoping you and me could get better acquainted."

Maybe they'd discussed it. We no sooner got inside the cabin than Steve got all kissy–and sleepy. So after he flaked out, I started to go to Mike's cabin, going out first in just my shirtsleeves. It was near sundown, and the air had turned bitterly cold. I went back for my parka and took the short walk, still having mixed feelings–but not about Mike himself. He definitely had turned me on at first sight, and I began to

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wonder if the whole incident between Mike and Steve had occurred because Steve had noticed my initial reaction to Mike.

Mike was sitting nude on a couch in the corner of his room. He was playing a plaintive country ballad. He pulled a blanket over one leg and over his privates as I came in.

"Something you don't want me to see?" I quipped teasingly as I stripped my jacket off.

"No," he laughed, hitting a couple satiric chords from Lohengrin on the guitar, "but if I show everything I've got right off, you'll have nothing left to explore."

I sat down beside him, fondling his arm, nipping at a nipple, shoving the guitar gently aside, peeking down under the blanket. "While I was on my walk," I said, with a properly mysterious tone, "it was like I could actually see you, all your clothes off, and you were mounting someone else who looked familiar, but both your backs were turned to me, and I didn't get a glimpse of this."

"Hell, you had it in your mouth outside a few minutes ago," he laughed, "when we were wrestling out in the snow."

"Well, it looked a little peaked from the cold then," I said.

"It isn't cold now," he answered, kissing me hotly.

It wasn't, and neither was I. He had a beautiful cock (and beautiful, almost hairless balls) and I

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went after them like a starving man, but I guess (like Steve'd said) I also did it like it was a competition, like I wanted to prove that I could suck cock twice as wild and twice as lovingly as Steve. But that sure wasn't all there was to it. I do like doing a job on a guy's meat, and Mike had a fine slab of meat.

He asked me about the tattoo on my arm, whether it was a cross or a dagger, but I had my mouth too full to answer. Then he swung around and took a mouthful for himself, and I could feel the heaving in my gut start as soon as I felt my prick slide into his warm, churning throat. The 69 was off and on. I was in a mental fury again, like when I'd jacked off out under the trees. I leaned over him, fucking his face like I was punishing him, holding his urgent prick upright, waving it in the air to cool him off, to postpone his cuming.

Then I turned my tail to him, wanting to be passive while he fucked me, wanting him to really rip my ass, begging him to pound it in, to fuck me harder, stopping to wonder, as I felt his cum rise, if the trip to Europe (were we *really* going to Europe, was it possible?) would also be dotted with partners like this, whom Steve and I both had but didn't share?

He had slowed down his wild

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ramming of my ass, and I got hold of my own cock, working it forcefully, urging him again to fuck me harder, to fuck the shit out of my ass. He was bouncing up and down on me, harder than I've ever let anybody do before, and I was urging him on. Then he was caught up in his own starting to cum. My rear end was beginning to feel awfully raw. He crouched over me, his face and body showing intense agony as he felt an unusually heavy ejaculation rise. I shot all over both of us, and somehow, that seemed to hold his cuming off. He was still hanging on the edge, at the peak, and suddenly, I begged him to pull it out so I could take it in my mouth.

I was mostly too late, for he'd already begun to shoot. His face was wild, and every muscle in his body drawn tight as the first jet spurted into my bowels. His cock sprang free of my hole as the second spurt sprayed all over my cock and balls and pubic hair and up onto my belly. I rolled forward in time to get the third spurt all over my face, and closed my lips over the head of his cock in time to get the last spurting of his sweet, warm cum and the long, oozing afterflow.

His body sagged down over me, arms embracing me tightly. "You were great," he said warmly, "and so was your buddy. But you were especially great." After a few moments he lit a cigarette, still covering me and wrapping my body tightly in his, took a couple puffs,

then said in a distantly sad voice, "but I think both of ya are crazy."

While I was putting on my pants, he kept hugging my rear end. "I really like you," he said, "*both* of you. You hold onto him, hear?" Then he slapped my butt smartly. "Now get back to him. He may be a bit upset about what happened here. Maybe it'll happen again a lot of times. But that guy needs you, and I think you're right for him. Okay?"

"Okay!" I said. I kissed him and left. I would go back to our cabin, wake Steve lovingly, kiss his prick until it was hot for my rectum, then I would snuggle up to him, his shaft deep inside me, and he would fall asleep again, arms around me, and after a while, I too would sleep. . . .

The next morning, Mike would see us off, pleasantly, and from there, perhaps, on to Europe. . . .